T H E

Four MISSES.

A new Song

TO think of one's follies ſometimes is but right,
And reflection is good, though there's nothing got by't:
How many ways mortals purſue after Bliſs,
But ſtill the genteeleſt is keeping a MISS.
The prudent are conſtant to one and no more,
But I, like a blockhead muſt dabble with Four,
I'll tell you their names, tho' you call me a Rake,
MISS FORTUNE, MISS-CONDUCT, MISS-CHANCE, and MISTAKE.

Four Jilts ſo deſtructive, four Brimſtones ſo bad,
By Jove were ſufficient to make a man mad;
Tho' Jealouſy oft makes the fair diſagree,
Yet theſe all united in kindneſs to me,
In life's wanton path they ſeduc'd me to ſtray,
And ſeem'd to ſpread flowers of delight in my way;
So ſimple was I, I'd have dy'd for the ſake,
Of MISS - FORTUNE, MISS - CONDUCT, MISS-CHANCE, and MISTAKE.

At length fair Diſcretion, with Reaſon combin'd,
Thus whiſper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind,
You've ſurely not got them for better for worſe,
Get at once into buſineſs, you'll get a divorce;
I thought 'twas my buſineſs to part with them too
Becauſe they ſo long had detain'd me from you;
And now do but drink, and I'll ever forſake,
MISS-FORTUNE, MISS-CONDUCT, MISS-CHANCE, and MISSTAKE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
24 52
MAR